the *Plover* was off the rocks and moored in safety. I immediately sent off a large sloop with water and provisions, and the sailors we had brought hither.

I have written to General Waltershoff for a Danish frigate to carry me up to St. Kitts. I am at Mr. Georges', whose house is on the most beautiful bay in the world.

May 27th, at Sea.

At noon, on the 24th, the Danish brig-of-war *Longax* arrived with Mr. Hagen, one of the commissioners, and at night we embarked. We have been becalmed ever since, and have made little way.

Before I left Tortola I rode over a large proportion of the island, which is very mountainous. In many parts the sugar plantations are carried up to the summit of the hills. Some of the best houses are also on the heights, and enjoy fine air and admirable prospects. Their gardens lie in some sheltered gully, where there are springs of water. The ways up are narrow, rugged and

steep, but the horses are so accustomed to them that no accident ever happens.